

The Hartford Republican.

Fine Job Work.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ALL THE PEOPLE OF OHIO COUNTY.

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No. 16

REPUBLICAN TICKET SWEEPS COUNTRY BRYAN WORSE DEFEATED THAN EVER.

Kentucky Goes Back to Democracy.

Republican Congress Elected to Stand With New President.

The election last Tuesday resulted in almost as great a landslide for the Republicans as four years ago. The only difference being that in some States pluralities were not so large, while in others they were larger. New York gave Taft over 200,000 majority, which was about 28,000 more than it gave Roosevelt. Governor Hughes was re-elected by 71,000 majority. Taft will have 309 sure electoral votes, and may have 327. Missouri seems to be the only doubtful State and it is claimed that its electoral vote will also go to Taft, which will bring the total up to 327. It is believed that the plurality will be over 1,000,000. This is a much worse defeat than Bryan sustained the last time he ran for President. The Democrats elected their State ticket in Indiana, although the State will give us electoral vote to the Republicans. It seems clear they have also elected the Governor in Ohio and have re-elected Governor Johnson in Minnesota, while upon the other hand, Republicans have elected a Governor in Missouri and will gain a United States Senator. The only bitter thought for the Republicans of Ohio county, is that they have failed to carry Kentucky. Bryan's plurality in this State will be about 10,000. The Eleventh Congressional district rolled up the immense majority of 22,000 and other Republican sections of the State did well, but we failed to hold our own in the cities and in the western part of the State. We will have three of the eleven Congressmen, having lost the Third district by a small plurality, resulting in the defeat of Dr. A. D. James. The majority of Ben Johnson over Dr. Gaddie being about 3,500, while all of the counties in this end of the district rolled up splendid Republican majorities, Hardin county and other counties in the upper end of the district came up with unprecedented majorities for the Democrats. In the First Congressional district where some Republicans thought the Democrats were going to vote for Taft on account of the tobacco troubles, the Democrats received the largest majorities which have ever been known proving conclusively, what many Republicans said at the time, that the tobacco war would not have any effect on the presidential election. There will be no change in the United States Senate and the House of Representatives will have about the same majority for the Republicans which they now have. Speaker Cannon was re-elected by a large majority, notwithstanding the bitter fight which was made against him.

Smith-Johns.

Mr. Arthur Johns and Miss Paulina Smith were married at the home of the bride near Cerulo, last Wednesday afternoon. Miss Smith is a sister of former editor, C. E. Smith and is a most charming and highly cultured young lady. Mr. Johns is a prosperous young business man and holds an important position with the I. C. R. R. at Central City, where they will make their future home. The wedding was a quiet affair, attended only by a few of the intimate friends. The Republican extends congratulations.

Good Roads.

The Romans were the greatest road builders the world has ever seen. From the earliest times they saw the necessity of having easy and safe means of communication between all the cities of Italy and later as they acquired provinces in France, Germany and England, they saw the greater needs of good roads over which to transport their munitions of war, food-stuffs to garrisons and armies and army trains.

Bring one of those old warriors over to America to-day and let him take a look at our roads. He would wonder if it were possible for a civilized country to carry anything over some of our roads. In the Spring and Fall the roads in many places are impassable, making the farmers the prey

CELL DOORS WERE UNLOCKED BY HUSBAND

A Bad Axe Couple Who are Acting "Badly"—Wife Elopement With Husband's Brother

Bad Axe, Mich., Oct. 31.—"I am opening the door of this cell so that you may go out into the world again. You can do what you please," said Joseph Smith to his wife, Alice as he unlocked the door that kept her in the county jail.

"I am glad to go out," said Mrs. Smith, "but I love Charley and I will go with him."

Smith walked to another part of the jail and his wife followed. He looked through the bars at his brother, Charles Smith.

"I am going to let you out," he said, as he unlocked the door. Charles came out, but said nothing. Mrs. Smith joined him and they walked away together.

The dramatic jail incident is the climax of strange story of love. Charles was the woman's first sweetheart, but he jilted her for another. Then she married Joseph, but when her sister-in-law died she eloped with Charles. The couple were arrested and placed in jail.

Joseph now refuses to prosecute. The Sheriff said he did not want to be the one to let them out but that if Joseph was determined he could let them out himself. Then he handed them the keys, and the reverse came.

"Joseph," she said, "you have been a good friend to me. If I ever need a friend again I will come to you."

The Increase in Population.

In an address delivered at the conference of governors in Washington the prediction was made that the United States will in 1950 have a population of more than 200,000,000. This was based on an annual increase of about 1 1/2 per cent, plus an average annual immigration of 750,000.

There is no question as to the diminishing rate of natural increase, but if the present population is 85,000,000 there will certainly be added to it more than 45,000,000 in the next forty-two years unless natural growth is stopped altogether, and that is not probable. There will be an increase in that time of quite 20,000,000 from immigration, and it is not unreasonable to assume that there will be not less than 40,000,000 from natural growth.

The population of the United States will reach 150,000,000 by the middle of the present century, and it is not likely to halt there.—Chicago Journal.

Thomas-Schroeter.

Mr. Emory Schroeter and Miss Pearl Thomas were married at the home of the bride in Hartford, at six o'clock Wednesday morning; the ceremony being performed by Rev. N. F. Jones. Dr. Horace Bell of Bufford, and Miss Florence Jones, of Drakesboro, Ky., were the attendants. Only a few intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom were invited. Miss Thomas is daughter of Mr. E. P. Thomas, and one of the belles of Hartford, while Mr. Schroeter is at the head of his profession as a photographer. They left immediately for a two weeks wedding trip, after which they will return to Hartford to make their future home.

Vote of Ohio County November 3, 1908.

PRECINCTS.	T.M.	Bryan	Gaddie	Others
E. Hartford	197	147	194	145
W. Hartford	166	111	165	112
Beda	117	105	115	106
Sulphur Springs	159	107	158	106
Magan	72	41	72	41
Cromwell	139	72	139	72
Cool Springs	58	69	59	68
N. Rockport	141	89	141	88
S. Rockport	49	98	102	98
Select	83	45	83	45
Horse Branch	131	93	131	90
Rosine	212	72	212	72
E. Beaver Dam	113	107	112	109
W. Beaver Dam	126	122	124	124
McHenry	149	93	149	93
Centertown	137	136	137	136
Smallhouse	45	66	45	66
E. Fordsville	164	86	164	82
W. Fordsville	118	104	116	102
Asterville	31	90	31	88
Sherve	3	69	75	69
Oion	81	71	81	71
Bufford	55	87	55	87
Baird	108	106	106	106
Heflin	52	61	52	61
Cerulo	49	41	50	41
Point Pleasant	51	64	51	64
Narrows	69	92	69	91
Ridge	78	100	78	100
Pendis	69	71	68	71
Herbst	38	67	38	67
Arnold	79	40	73	40
Render	75	47	75	47
Total	3320	2779	3316	2758
Majority	551	548		

There were seven tickets on the ballot, no-wit: Republican, Democrat, Prohibitionist, Socialist, Socialist Labor, Peoples Party and Independents League. We give in the above table only the vote by the Republicans and Democrats, although each one of the other candidates received some scattering vote in the county. The Prohibitionist vote was 50, Socialist 60, Peoples Party about 35. Of the Socialist vote 26 were cast at West Beaver Dam, and 22 at McHenry.

A Pure Manufacturers Law.

In view of the recent demand of J. Harry Seitz, the Chicago shoe manufacturer, for a "pure manufacturers" law giving the same federal guarantee of quality for manufactured goods as for foods, it is interesting to notice that the International Stewards' As-

sociation has come out in strong support of this pure goods' measure.

After praising the pure food law as a great step in American industry, the stewards went even farther, urging the elimination of impurities and frauds from "all the products of the earth."

Mr. Seitz's legislative plan was simply this, to quote his own words:

"We need a far-reaching law making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment or both, for any manufacturer to misrepresent in any way the goods he makes."

As Mr. Seitz, who is willing to make his great shoe factory the first industry affected by this law says, "no honest manufacturer would oppose such a pure manufacturers law, the best manufacturers would welcome it."

The sort of laws that guarantees us purity to the things we eat ought also to insure us from fraud in the things we wear.

Bullock-Overholts.

Mr. Lee B. Overholts and Miss Nina Bullock, of Smallhouse, were quietly married in the parlor of the New Commercial Hotel, at Hartford, last Wednesday, at 12:30 o'clock, Rev. O. M. Shultz speaking the words which united the lives and hearts of the happy couple. Mr. Overholts is a refined, cultured and accomplished young man, who enjoys great popularity among his many acquaintances. Miss Bullock is one of the most popular young ladies of her community. They have many friends who extend congratulations and best wishes.

SUNNYDALE.

Nov. 4.—Rev. Bailey filled his appointment at Marvin's Chapel Sunday. We are needing rails very badly.

Mr. Marion Martin, of Sulphur Springs, has moved into the house recently vacated by Mr. A. B. Renfrow.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Muffett and children, Lizzie and Aubrey, of Magan, were the guests of Mr. F. D. Baughn and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cullie Acton and daughter, of Dundee, were the guests of Mrs. Acton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Renfrow, Sunday.

Mr. Obe Powers, of Co. H, 3rd Regiment, at Eddyville, returned home yesterday to be the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fern Powers.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardin Duncan, of Yeoman, were the guests of Mr. Duncan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Filo Duncan, recently.

Mr. J. H. Wilson is having a nice residence erected.

FRIEDALAND.

Nov. 2.—Protracted meeting began at Sisson cañon yesterday conducted by Rev. Frye.

The drought continues and stock water is becoming scarce.

Mr. Roy Sandback, of this place, and Miss Birdie St. Clair of Olston, were married on last Sunday morning at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. S. Clark. We predict for them a happy future.

To-morrow is election day. Three cheers in advance for W. H. Taft. Au Revoir!

Corps Exploded.

Wheeling, W. Va., November 3.—One of the exciting features of the election here today was the spontaneous combustion of a corps near the voting place of an election precinct, causing the voters and ward leaders to relax their efforts for a short time. The body was that of Frank Fischer. It had just been prepared for burial and the embalming fluid, coupled with the medicines used in the dyspeptic character of the case, was said to be the cause. The coffin was almost blown to pieces and it was difficult to find the father of the dead man kept the corpse from burning.

Estray Notice.

Ernie Curtis, of the town of Rockport, Ky., states under oath, that on the 23rd day of September 1908, he took up a stray cow that had broken into his field. Described as follows:

No. 2 wheat, \$1.10 per bushel.
Oats, \$5 cents a bushel.
Rye, 80 cents a bushel.
White beans, \$2 a bushel.
Irish potatoes, 75 cents a bushel.
Sweet potatoe, \$1 per bushel.
Cattle, \$6.50 per 100 pounds.
Hogs, \$7 per 100 pounds.
Sheep, \$5 to \$6 per 100 pounds.
Timothy, \$15 per ton.

No prices were fixed on cotton, tobacco and other crops, which are restricted to limited areas, and are handled by branch associations.

Bring one of those old warriors over to America to-day and let him take a look at our roads. He would wonder if it were possible for a civilized country to carry anything over some of our roads. In the Spring and Fall the roads in many places are impassable, making the farmers the prey

CLOTHES TIED IN HARD KNOTS.

Experience of a Young Man at Sweet Hearts Home

It Has Been Said that Love is Blind but Here is One Lover that Saw Things.

Cannelton, Ind., Oct. 31.—They say that love is blind, but one young man of this city certainly "saw things" at the home of his sweetheart here recently and very strange things they were, too. It is also reported that the young man was not the only one that saw the "diddings" while the more skeptical do not believe that even he saw it.

Last week when the family washing had been hung on the line and the body of the house started in the doorway discovered that all the clothes were tied in hard knots. Nothing was thought of the occurrence at the time but after he untied the knots and again started indoors, she saw that they were again tied hard and fast.

When Sunday night came and with it the young man, and as he and his sweet heart were sitting in the parlor talking, it was discovered that the young lady's hair was fast becoming tied in very hard knots. That the young man was surprised certainly goes without saying. He sat speechless watching the knots being tied as though by a human hand. After awhile he recovered sufficiently to untie the knots but when he did untie them he found that his work had been in vain as the knots were again tied as soon as he turned around. The young man then got two articles of clothing and laid one on each side of the chair and he declares that one or them jumped over the chair and was tied in a knot before his eyes.

The young man had no desire to revive the old-time belief in witches and whitecraft, but he became frightened and soon spread the tale around the town and a crowd of curious people soon collected at the house to see the wonder but the wonder or what ever it was refused to perform at that time, but the next day the same thing happened again and other people were called in and they verified the story, and quite a crowd soon collected and all declare that they saw the knots being tied.

After the young man returned home a friend went to his stable and found the young man's harness in hard knots and when he found it he thought the "hounds" was after him but when some of his friends refused to believe the story he became angry and offered to "lick the entire bunch."

It is said that the Catholic priest was called in to see the excitement, but he refused to either affirm or deny the story.

It is said the "hounds" has now ceased performing or gone on a strike, or joined the union or taken a vacation, or any way decided to let the young man alone for awhile as nothing has been heard of it lately and the young man can make his calls regularly, although he may be afraid to go home in the dark.

Sunday School Notes.

In last week's report of Schools we made a subscription to the organization work this year, the Hartford M. E. School was \$2.40 the Fordsville M. E. School has sent \$1.00 since last report, others will need to respond before the year is out. Some of the same workers are likely to be in the county before Christmas and any school desiring their services will please write Miss Annie Peaton, Hartford.

Don't forget that November 2

Hartford Republican.

C. M. BARNETT - EDITOR

TELEGRAPHED.
Cumberland..... 40
Rough River..... 22.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

The people rule.

Do the people rule? They do.

The "I told you so man" has had a good run this week.

England must feel as badly over her posts as over her athletes.

King Peter should feel better now that he knows Serbia hasn't enough powder to fill a cheap bomb.

It will be very difficult for Mr. Hearst to keep himself before the public now that the election is over.

It is agreed by all that Mr. Gompers committed a very grave blunder when he sought to drag Union labor into politics.

The man who goes without his breakfast so he can think better, finds that he has given himself something to think about.

The Chicago clergymen who believe twentieth century churches are to be run without the aid of angels, would never do for the theatrical business.

Republican voters in every precinct in Ohio county, should see to it that the candidate who seeks to debase the primary election with the use of money and intoxicants, is not given a chance to disgrace his party by being given a place on the county ticket.

Ohio county came up smiling last Tuesday with the greatest Republican majority which it has ever given in a presidential year. East and West Hartford made a net gain over the Wilson majority of 33, rolling up the enormous majority of 106 for Taft in the two precincts.

Although the presidential election is over, Ohio county Republicans will not be through with the trials and tribulations which attend political contests until after the primary election Dec. 5th. When that is over we shall pray to be given a long and much-needed rest.

Both parties claim that they had very little funds in the late Presidential election. The time is almost here when those campaigns must be run without money, except for legitimate purposes and they had just as well be getting use to that sort of a clean campaign. Very little is needed outside of office rent, clerk hire and postage.

Now that the election is over, we should begin to devise ways and means for boozing Hartford and Ohio county. With the new railroad, Hartford should take on new life and our business men should reorganize the Commercial Club and make an effort to get some manufacturing establishments in our midst and to increase our prosperity in all directions.

Some of our Hartford Democratic friends having read O. O. Salyer in the Courier Journal, became so sanguine of the election of Mr. Bryan that they offered to bet even money on such states as New York, Ohio and Indiana. We are very glad however, that they were permitted to do all the bluffing and that no one here is to lose any money on account of the result.

To our Democratic friends we extend our profound sympathy in this their 4th bereavement. We have no inclination whatever to crow over the election. We are all good Americans, and under our system of government must all bow to the result of the ballot. President Taft will be the president of all, and we predict that before he is in the chair many months he will be esteemed as highly by our Democratic friends as was the gentle, broad minded, sweet tempered McKinley.

Those Republicans who expected to see a great reduction of the Democratic vote in Western Kentucky, because of the tobacco troubles were very much disappointed. People a rule do not change their politics for such reasons, especially when it could not be twisted into a national issue. In our humble opinion the Republican party would have been several thousand votes better off in Kentucky at this election had the speakers stuck to national issues.

On last Monday many of the Hartford colored voters were furnished with buttons bearing the inscription, "remember the Brownsville affair." These buttons were furnished by Democratic headquarters and were dished out to the colored boys by democratic politicians. Many of them were worn on Monday and Tuesday, but they seem to have had no very great effect on the developments in the two Hartford precincts. They will be gathered up

and framed to be presented to the Democratic Campaign Committee as souvenirs of the 1908 campaign.

Now that the election is over and Mr. Bryan has been defeated for a third time, we cannot help but feel a sense of pity for so game a man, because of the resources which he has shown and the dogged perseverance and determination in his twelve years fight to gain the White House. It is not a part of our make up to strike a man who is down. In the sense of ever having an opportunity to gain his all absorbing desire Mr. Bryan is down. That he will still be an important factor in his party and in the country, there is no doubt, but like Webster, Clay, Baine and other great leaders, he has fallen short of a life ambition. That he has failed we are sure has been for the best interest of the country, although we give him credit for honesty of purpose in all of his vague governmental schemes.

For Sale.

One Studio Camera, 8 by 10, cherry finish, metal, brass. Bauch and Lomb rectilinear lens, iris diaphragm, B. and L. Shutter, speed 5 F. Burke and James automatic stand, plate holders and all attachments. The best Camera for studio work.

O. K. ROWE,
Centertown, Ky.

Apply at this office. 5th

ENGLISH TITLES.

Why Inferior Honors Are Sometimes Refused by Commoners.

Although it costs money to be made a peer, no sum can actually buy a British title, as may be done in some European countries. Honors of this description are in the giving of the king, or, rather, his majesty bestows them on persons at the recommendation of the prime minister, who really is the final say in the matter.

Titles are conferred either directly or indirectly—directly when no third person recommends a candidate for royal recognition and indirectly when a third person brings a candidate's name forward, he having good and valid grounds for doing so. The former method, however, is the one which is usually adopted.

It is the duty of the prime minister to distinguish a name celebrated in politics, science, art or literature and to decide whether the merits of any given prominent person deserve recognition at the hands of the king.

If, in the opinion of the prime minister, such a given person deserves elevation to titled rank, before the minister takes any steps in the matter the favored individual is apprised of the prime minister's intentions by a personal letter, in which is conveyed the degree or title it is proposed to confer on him, subject to his approval. In four out of five cases the approval is given. The fifth person, who may have been offered a knighthood or perchance a baronetcy, refuses because his refusal may increase his chances of obtaining at a later day a higher title still—a peerage. Armed with the person's approval, the prime minister now takes the next step—that is, obtaining his majesty's sanction, which is rarely refused.

It is seldom that a plain "Mr." blossoms straightforward into a "lord" unless the circumstances are very unusual, such as the reason why a peerage was conferred on Mr. Morley or honors conferred on successful generals in the field, as in the case of Wolseley, Roberts and Kitchener. As a general rule a plain "Mr." is transformed into "Sir"—that is, knight or baronet—and one who is already a "Sir" and has done some signal recognition finds his reward in his ultimate service to the state entitling him to royal elevation to the peerage.—Chicago News.

WOMEN OF PARAGUAY.

Patient and Good Natured, Barefooted and White Robed.

Paraguay is rich in local color. The picturesque character of the native population, with their quaint Indian features and habits of everyday life, is interesting to anybody fond of observing strange phases of human life. By nature these people are patient and gentle, seldom complaining, chattering and laughing from sunrise to sunset and taking small thought of what the morrow may have in store for them.

It is hard to imagine how Lopez could have drilled them into fighting material of strength enough to keep in check the combined forces of Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay for five long, weary years, and it speaks volumes for the indomitable energy of the man that he was able to sustain his position for so protracted a time.

Clothing is very much of a superfluity in Paraguay, says the Boston Transcript. The attire of the women is a cotton chemise with a long sheet-like shawl, or manta, passed over the head and around the body in Moorish fashion. The dress of the men is equally simple, consisting only of cotton shirt and trousers. Both sexes are guiltless of foot covering. At times an almost uncanny feeling rises when a group of these white robed, dark-haired maidens pass suddenly with the silent tread of unshod feet.

On a morning in the market places the women folk flock to sell their wares, carrying on their heads the baskets containing the few cents' worth of native produce they have been able to gather together for disposal in the towns. The soft Guarani language, the common tongue of the Paraguayans, adds further charm to the scene.

LAST OF THE PASCAGOULAS.

An Indian Legend From the Shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

An Indian legend of the Pascagoula is told by the fishermen and oystermen down on the shores of the gulf of Mexico.

A point reaches out into the gulf near the mouth of the Pascagoula river. The pine trees on it come almost to the water's edge, and between lies a strip of white sand; across a marsh, a border of light green swaying and rustling grasses and beyond a gray cypress swamp the hanging moss of the trees swaying in the wind. To the south the blue waters of the gulf stretch away, with little waves lapping on the chalk white clam shells of the shore.

There in the evening during the short twilight one hears soft music, as if it were the notes of a violin, insistent, changing, sweet. It is the song of the Pascagoula.

Long years before the Pascagoula Indians had lived upon this point. The white men, the Spaniards, came in numbers, and with them the hostile warriors of other tribes, to make war and to drive the Pascagoula out of the country. Coming from the inland, the enemy took away all chance of flight and hedged them in on the point. The Pascagoula fought for days and nights in the dark pine woods against outnumbering foes. Then they saw that all was useless, that they could not overcome, and starvation stared them in the face.

The Pascagoula called a council of the tribe and talked long together. To give themselves up meant lives of slavery or death, and to fight to the last man was to leave the women and children to the mercy of the white men and their allies.

The next morning the Pascagoula put on all their paint and trappings and burned their wigwams. The men, women and children slowly, deliberately, unflinchingly backed step by step into the water behind them, singing. Not one faltered. They died with their faces toward their enemies, brave and free, and now in the evening when the wind blows over the marshes the pines and grasses sing the song of the Pascagoula.—New York Post.

THE LAND OF WORSHIP.

The East Believes Too Utterly to Care if Others Disbelieve.

Prayer pervades the east. Far off across the sands when one is traveling in the desert one sees thin minarets rising toward the sky. A desert city is there. It signals its presence by this mute appeal to Allah. And where there are no minarets in the great wastes of the dunes, in the eternal silence, the lifelessness that is not broken even by any lonely, wandering bird, the camels are stopped at the appointed hours, the poor and often ragged robes are laid down and the brown pilgrims prostrate themselves in prayer. And the rich man spreads his carpet and prays, and the half naked nomad spreads nothing, but he prays too.

The east is full of lust and full of money getting and full of bartering and full of violence, but it is full of worship—or worship that disdains concealment, that reck not of ridicule or comment, that believes too utterly to care if others disbelieve. There are in the east many men who do not pray. They do not laugh at the man who does, like the unpraying Christian. There is nothing ludicrous in prayer. In Egypt your Nubian sailor prays in the stern of your dababiyeh, and your Egyptian boatman prays by the rudder of your boat, and your black donkey boy prays behind a red rock in the sand, and your camel man prays when you are resting in the noonday watching the faroff, quivering mirage, lost in some wayward dream.

And must you not pray, too, when you enter certain temples where once strange gods were worshipped in whom no man now believes?—Robert Hichens in Century.

Scared by Frogs.

It is said to be owed to the frogs of western Australia that that part of the empire is English and not French. About 1800 a party of prospective French colonists landed on the west coast of Australia, but on the first morning they were alarmed by the loud croaking of the frogs which they took for demons and retired with all speed to their ships. Western Australia might have preferred the frog to the swan as her emblem, just as Rome might have preferred, instead of the eagle, the goose that saved the capital.

In His Line.

"I'm surprised that you should be so interested in watching those silly dudess."

"Force of habit, I guess. I'm president of a real estate improvement company."

"Well?"

"Well, they're a vacant lot."—Philadelphia Press.

Paid In Full.

Hiram (coming to the point)—Sally, I've been a payin' my respects to you for five years come next August, ain't I? Sally (blushing) — Yes, indeed. Hiram. Hiram—Well, all I'm a-goin' to say is that I'm darn sick av the installment plan! Sally (in his arms)—Papa's agreeable, Hiram!—St. Louis Republic.

Missionary Work.

"So you once lived in Africa, Sam?" "Yes, sab."

"Ever do any missionary work out there, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, sab! I was cook for a cannibal chief, sab!"—Pick-Me-Up.

AN EPISODE OF WAR.

The Only Coward Evans Ever Saw In the Naval Service.

After Admiral Evans had been so grievously wounded in the attack on Fort Fisher during the civil war he was picked up by a marine named Wasmouth and carried into comparative shelter. Wasmouth was killed a few minutes later. Evans' own account continues: "After Wasmouth was killed I soon fell asleep, and when I awoke it was some time before I could recall my surroundings. The tide had come in, and the hole in which I was lying was nearly full of water, which had about covered me and was trickling into my ears. I could see a monitor firing and apparently very near, and the thought came to me that I could swim off to her if I only had a bit of plank or driftwood, but this I could not get. It was plain enough that I should soon be drowned like a rat in a hole unless I managed to get out somehow. Dead and wounded men were lying about in ghastly piles, but no one to lend me a helping hand. By this time I could not use my legs in any way, and when I dug my hands into the sides of my prison and tried to pull myself out the sand gave way and left me still lying in the water. Finally I made a strong effort and rolled myself sideways out of the hole.

"When I got out I saw a marine a short distance away nicely covered by a pile of sand and firing away deliberately at the fort. I called to him to pull me in behind his bar of sand, but he declined on the ground that the fire was too sharp for him to expose himself. I persuaded him with my revolver to change his mind, and in two seconds he had me in a place of safety—that is to say, safe by a small margin, for when he fired the Confederate bullets would snap the sand within a few inches of our heads. If the marine had known that my revolver was soaking wet and could not possibly be fired I suppose I would have been buried the next morning, as many other poor fellows were. As soon as I could reach some cartridges from a dead sailor lying near me I loaded my revolver, thinking it might be useful before the job was finished.

"When I was jerked in behind this pile of sand I landed across the body of the only coward I ever saw in the naval service. At first I was not conscious that there was a man under me, so completely had he worked himself into the sand. He was actually below the surface of the ground. The monitors were firing over us, and as a shell came roaring by he pulled his knees up to his chin, which hurt me, as it jostled my broken legs. I said: 'Hello! Are you wounded?' 'No, sir,' he replied; 'I am afraid to move.' 'All right, then,' I said, 'keep quiet and don't hurt my legs again.' The next shell that came over he did the same thing and the next notwithstanding my repeated cautions. So I tapped him between the eyes with the butt of my revolver, and he was quiet after that."

The Glove on the Pole.

A quaint custom in an English town, Houston, is "proclaiming the fair." The town obtained the grant of a fair from the lord of the manor so long ago as 1257, and the fair still retains some of the picturesque characteristics of by gone days. The town crier, dressed in picturesque uniform and carrying a pole decorated with gay flowers and surmounted by a large gilt model of a gloved hand, publicly announces the opening of the fair, as follows: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! The fair's begun, the glove is up. No man can be arrested till the glove is taken down." Hot coals are then thrown among the children. The pole and glove remains displayed until the end of the fair.

How Hammer of Death Struck James.

The old parish church of Plumstead is probably at least 1,000 years old. The picturesque churchyard, a cherishing haunt of the poet Bloomfield during his visits to Shooters Hill, contains a delightfully choice "derangement of epitaphs." One of these on "Master James Darling, aged 10," teaches a lesson of moderation during the cherrystone season to the youth of other places besides Plumstead. Speaking from his tombstone, Master Darling exclaims:

The hammer of death was give to me
For eating the cherries off the tree.

—Westminster Gazette.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

We are authorized to announce Esq. W. S. Dean, a candidate for Representative from Ohio county, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce W. W. Park, a candidate for Representative from Ohio county, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce J. U. Wade, of Fordsville, a candidate for Judge of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Judge R. R. Wedding of West Hartford precinct, a candidate for Judge of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Jerome Allen, a candidate for the office of Assessor of Ohio county, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce J. A. Greer, as a candidate for Assessor subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce E. B. Taylor, a candidate for Sheriff of Ohio County, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Mrs. S. J. Edwards, a candidate for Sheriff of Ohio County, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Mrs. Martha Avery, a candidate for Sheriff of Ohio County, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Mr. Henry Merz, a candidate for Sheriff of Ohio County, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Mr. J. R. Prince, a candidate for Sheriff of Ohio County, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Mr. Henry Leach, a candidate for Sheriff of Ohio County, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Mr. J. R. Prince, a candidate for Sheriff of Ohio County, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

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We are authorized to announce Mr

BURT & PACKARD KORRECT SHAPE SHOES

Do you know we will absolutely guarantee a pair of patent leather shoes?



HERE IS THE GUARANTY
If the Burrojaps patent or dull leather in the uppers of your Burt & Packard Korrect Shape Shoes breaks through before the first sole (either single or double weight) wears through, we PRICE will replace \$4 them with new pair. Made in 250 BURT & PACKARD LIMITED LINE es. Buy a pair to-day. \$5.00 & Packard Korrect Shape Shoes are sold by 5,000 dealers in the United States.

The above Shoes are sold only by us in Hartford, and we absolutely stand by the above guarantee. Don't forget the Place.

FAIR & CO.
THE FAIR DEALERS

Hartford Republican.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

Illinois Central Railroad--Time Table.

North Bound.
No. 122 due 4:05 a. m.
No. 123 due 12:30 p. m.
No. 122 due 2:45 p. m.

South Bound.
No. 121 due 11:31 a. m.
No. 161 due 2:48 p. m.
No. 131 due 8:52 p. m.

Buy Office Supplies at Home.

And save transportation charges. We keep

INK
PENS
OILS
CARBON
MUCILAGE
DESK TRAYS
LETTER FILES
PENCIL TABLETS

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS
ROUND-HEAD FASTENERS
WILLOW WASTE-BASKETS, RUBBER BANDS, ERASERS, LIBRARY PASTE, PAPERS, ENVELOPES, PENCILS OF ALL KINDS, CLIPS, FINE FOUNTAIN PEN WRITING FLUID, SUIT WRAPPERS AND A GREAT VARIETY OF OTHER THINGS.

With each \$1.00 purchase we give a nice school bag. Pure, fresh drugs compounded by a skillful chemist.

HARTFORD DRUG CO.

[Incorporated.]

Typewriter Carbon can be had at this office.

Mr. Nat Lindley, Matanzas, was a pleasant caller Monday.

For H. J. Hin's pure cedar vinegar call on U. S. Carson. 10 years old.

Mrs. Nancy King is spending the week the guest of Mrs. E. J. Hudson.

Miss Lucy King, of Calhoon, who has been the guest of relatives in Hartford, has returned home.

Mrs. Ramey E. Duke is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Stewart, Select.

Mrs. Jas. Martin and two children, Williams Mines, were in town last Friday. They called at the Republic office while here.

Mrs. Judge R. R. Wedding, is quite sick at her home on Clay street. Mr. C. T. Overton, Smallhouse, paid us a pleasant call while in town Wednesday.

Miss Zella Maye Nall has returned from a pleasant visit with friends in Crowley, La.

Schroeter's Studio over Republican office.

Messrs. Harry O'Bannon and D. E. Thomas, who have been spending some time at Dawson Springs for their health, have returned home.

Miss Mary Spaulding, who has been visiting relatives in New York City for the past few weeks, has returned home.

Don't be a back number! Buy one of those swell Cloaks or Jackets at Barnard & Co's. The fit and style is superb.

Mr. Peter Embry, of Beaver Dam, and Miss Verna Ashby, of Ohio county, were married in Evansville Indiana last week.

Mr. Roy Forrester, of Earlington, Ky., visited his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Forrester city, the first of the week.

Our Clothing for Young Men is made by people who make nothing but young men's clothes. They know how

BARNARD & CO.

New lot of Clothing for Boys and young Men. Just arrived. Newes shapes and colors. The fit is perfect

BARNARD & CO.

Mrs. Z. Wayne Griffin gave a bridge party Tuesday afternoon. Lunche was served after the games. Mrs. E. E. Birkhead won the highest score.

The women's club had the Halloween program with Mrs. J. H. B. Carson last Saturday afternoon—A beautiful salad lunch was served after the program.

Messrs. R. J. Mason, Livia, Route 2; Joseph Ward, Centerpoint; Esquire Edge, Fordsville, and Wm. Duncan, McHenry were among our many callers Wednesday.

We are paying 18c per dozen for Eggs. All other kinds of good country produce wanted at the highest prices.

tt. SCHROADER & CO.

Mr. David Black, of near Cromwell, who was operated on a few weeks ago and had one of his ribs removed, has developed a bad case of pneumonia and is in a serious condition.

Underwear that outwears all other kinds is the sort we are selling. We want it for "shorts" and "longs," "slim" and "stout" at 25c to \$1.00 per garment.

CARSON & CO.

Cleco Hugnberry, a timber man in McLean county, had his log team killed by a falling tree in Green River bottoms, near Rumsey, one day last week. His loss is said to be about five hundred dollars.

Mr. W. C. Ambrose, of Beda, attended the Kentucky Synod of the C. P. Church at Hopkinsville last week. On his return, Saturday, he made this office a pleasant call. He reports a pleasant and profitable meeting.

A protracted meeting is in progress at the Methodist church at Beaver Dam, Ky., having begun last Sunday evening, and will continue two or three weeks. The pastor is being assisted by Rev. G. W. Hummel, of Leitchfield. All cordially invited.

The little girl friends of Lelia Glenn joined with her and entertained the young boys of their set. The little girls enveloped as ghosts and spooks awaited the arrival of the boys and then the fun began. All kinds of pranks suitable to the occasion were entered into with great zeal by every one and a lively and happy evening was the result.

Mrs. F. L. Felix has returned home after a few days visit to her mother, Mrs. Mary Duncan, of Louisville.

For loaded shells, the kind that kill birds, call on U. S. Carson. He has about ten thousand for sale cheap.

They fit, they wear, they hold their shape—that is what mothers say of our \$5. Suits.

CARSON & CO.

Mr. W. T. Woodward, who has been sojourning in Dallas, Texas, for the past six months, has returned home.

We have heard of people that could not be pleased with neckwear, but we never met any of them in our store.

CARSON & CO.

Messrs. John McIntyre and C. W. Sturgeon, Evansville were the guests of Mr. James McIntyre and family the first of the week.

Mrs. Harve Harrison, of Owensboro, and Mrs. Charley May, Whitesville, are the guests of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Anderson, on Clay street.

The following members of Co. H, K. N. G. on duty at Eddyville, were at home the first of the week: Capt. J. M. DeWeese, Corporal Chester Keown, Privates Cleve Barley, Eek Hudson, Obe Powers and John Stevens.

Mr. Raymond Phillips is having a nice cottage erected in the old fair ground addition. Mr. Henry Hinshaw is doing the carpenter's work.

Mr. W. O. King, a former Ohio county boy, but now a prominent lumber dealer in Chicago, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Nancy King, East Hartford.

Our genial old friend, Mr. Simon Jones, of Render, one of the staunch Republicans of Western Kentucky, and an all-around fine gentleman, was a pleasant caller Saturday.

LOST—On Oct. 27, between Beaver Dam and Williams Mines, a ladies gold watch—case number 1027015 with a twenty-year guarantee. Finder will deliver to James Martin, Williams Mines, Ky., and receive five dollars reward.

15tf

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gaines, of Fordsville have announced the approaching marriage of their daughter Ola Blythe, to Dr. Frank Slaton, of Helen Arkansas. The wedding will take place late in this month.

Marriage licenses were issued from the County Clerks office Wednesday to Ansel Wilson, Rosine and Mary A. Strasberger, Spring Lick. The groom gave his age as 74 and the bride blushingingly admitted to 40. It was the third marriage for the groom.

We announce this week the candidacy of Esquire W. P. Miller for re-election as Magistrate in the Cromwell district. Esq. Miller has made a most faithful and competent official and deserves well at the hands of his party. If nominated he will be re-elected without a doubt.

Mr. James P. Thomas, Louisville, and his sister, Mrs. Julia Pursley, of Cadiz, visited their father, Mr. E. P. Thomas, the first of the week. Mr. Thomas—who has been spending some Custom House in Louisville, came home to vote. He was accompanied by his little daughter, Caroline.

Forest fires raged in the flats west of town last Sunday. Considerable damage was done to standing timber on the farms of Berry Rub, Henry Weinheimer and F. L. Felix. No little excitement was caused by the report that the buildings on the fair ground were on fire, but it proved to be a mistake.

Quite a good many Halloween pranks were indulged in by the boys of the town last Saturday night. Most of them were harmless, but the boys who broke into the college building and ruined a number of the black boards with grease were carrying the matter a little too far. Every effort will be made to apprehend the culprits who damaged the college property.

In this issue of the Republican will be found the announcement of W. W. Park, of the Bartlett Precinct, as a candidate for Representative of Ohio county, subject to the will of the Republican voters of the county at the primary election to be held December 5, 1908. Mr. Park comes from a long line of Republicans, being a son of Jas. A. Park deceased, who was one of the first organizers of the Republican party back in the 60's. He made the race for the nomination for Representative against Dr. Duff and was defeated by only a small margin. He is a representative young man and if nominated will be sure winner on the home stretch.

TO THE TEACHERS.

Supt. DeWeese requests that all books belonging to the Teachers' Library (white and colored) be returned to this office by December 1st. We, the library committee, are exceedingly anxious that the teachers comply with this request in order that we may put the library in good condition by January 1.

MRS. L. N. GRAY,
MARIE L. AUSTIN, Com.
LILLIAN MONROE,

For Sale.
A first-class confectionary and bakery. Situated on Union street, in Hartford, Kentucky. A splendid business for the right party.

W. C. SCHLEMMER.

GUNS! GUNS!

Have Just Received a Large Line of

Shot Guns, Rifles, Target Guns, Ammunition, Shells, Etc.

And respectfully ask you to call and see the largest and best line of Shot Guns ever in Hartford. Prices the lowest.

U. S. CARSON, - Groceryman,
Hartford, Ky.

BEING PELTED WITH DOLLAR BILLS

And making no effort to catch them would be about as wise a proceeding as buying your winter goods without first seeing our goods and learning our prices, and it would be about as profitable. Money saved is worth as much as money earned, and we save you money on all our goods. That we can do this, the values we mention here will prove. Compare them with others, and remember we will satisfy you as to the quality of the goods before we sell.

Here are some of the Values We're Showing.

Children's Overcoats, \$1.25 to \$5; Youth's Overcoats, \$2 to \$10. Men's Beaver Overcoats \$5 to \$10. Men's fine fancy Overcoats, \$10 to \$15. Men's Rain Coats, 10 to \$18. Men's line Tailor-made suits, \$5 to \$20. Children's Cloaks, \$1 to \$5. Misses Cloaks, \$2 to \$10. Ladies Cloaks, \$3 to \$18. Ladies Tailor-made suits, \$12.50 to \$35. Best Prints, 5c. Good apron gingham, 5c. Good Dress Gingham, 10c to 12 1-2c, and everything else as cheap as can be bought elsewhere Give us a chance.

CARSON & CO., Hartford, Ky.

Lyons' Special Cash Prices.

2 can best Red Salmon	35c
2 " " " small sizee Salamon	20c
2 " " " white Salmon	20c
2 lb " Bull head Oysters.....	20c
2 lb can " "	20c
2 cans light weight "	15c
2 " chipped Beef	25c
3 " chicken and veal	25c
3 " vienna Sausage.....	25c
3 boxes Mustard sardines.....	25c
6 " Oil	25c
3 doz sweet pickles	25c
3 " sour	25c
1 qt Heinz mustard	25c
8 bars swifts pride soap.....	25c
7 " lenox soap	25c
6 " ivory	25c
6 " grand pa's soap	25c
6 " fels naptha	25c
6 " sweetheart	25c
6 " pumma soap	25c
6 " white magic soap	25c
1 box crown princess soap	25c
9 bars palm soap	25c
9 " verbena	25c
9 " witch hazel soap	25c
9 " transparent glycerine	25c

The Cash must accompany each order for goods quoted, otherwise orders will be filled at regular prices.

Hartford Pressing Parlor

Will do your Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing and Dyeing. Also take orders for Tailor-Made Clothing. All work guaranteed. Membership Card \$1. All work sent for and delivered promptly. Thanking you for past favors.

Arthur P. Petty.

A Model Industrial City.

Probably the most perfect example of accomplishment in industrial village work may be found in the City of Roebling, N. J. This is a city founded by the Roebling Mfg. Co. and the operation of its civic institutions is of paramount importance to every industrial enterprise of magnitude in the United States for the simple reason that the Roeblings have found a solution to the ever-present and menacing problems that bring capital and labor into daily conflict.

It is important to first consider the reasons for the establishment of this industrial village as the motive of its projectors was far from any idealistic whims or philanthropic ends. This model village is not an attempt to pacify the demands of dissatisfied labor, for the Roeblings have never had to contend with this annoyance to any appreciable extent. The company has never had in mind the founding of a new Utopia in which master and workman shall co-operate for mutual benefit.

The city of Roebling is not an experiment, as it has long since passed the trial stage. It has been a success from the very start, and conditions have improved in all departments with its progress and development.

Manhattan is the most densely populated island in the world. It has a population of 99,150 persons to the square mile.

During the summer season the borough of Richmond doubles its population on every pleasant Sunday, but only for that one day.

The new Catskill reservoir which is soon to supply New York City with water, will have a capacity of 120,000,000 gallons. It will be twelve miles long and two miles wide, covering 10,000 acres.

NARROWS.

Mr. Brenton Bean went to Louisville Tuesday.

Miss Elo Renfrow visited relatives in Owensboro last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Thomas visited Mrs. Thomas' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Noble Bean, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. John B. Renfrow has sold his mercantile business at Penrose, Ark., and will return with his family to Narrows. Mr. Renfrow was one of the most popular and successful businessmen Narrows ever had and he will receive a royal welcome on his return.

Mrs. M. S. Ragland, of Dundee, is visiting friends at Horse Branch on Rosina this week.

Mr. Tom Petty, of Barretts Ferry, who has been sojourning at Hot Spring Ark., for his health, returned home this week.

Mr. Cheel Wedding has gone on a business trip to Spencer county, Ind.

Mrs. Oma Cope, McHenry, visited her sister Mrs. Della Graham Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Allen, of Select, came up last week to spend the winter with their daughter, Mrs. Fletcher Harriet.

Mr. O. D. Fentress was in Owensboro Tuesday.

Misses Isable and Corine Thomas visited relative at Sulphur Springs, last week.

Uncle Tom Shultz of Arnold, comes over a few days ago to spend the winter trapping on the river here. Uncle Tom is a veteran trapper, and he comes up every winter to harvest the fur-bearing frequenters of the river flats.

The American Tobacco company has rented the Tobacco warehouse and will handle tobacco here this season.

Rev. Lawrence baptized a class of twelve converts in Rough river at Barretts Ferry Sunday.

Big Canal Half Done.

To make the Panama Canal there were at the beginning 80,638,248 cubic yards of earth and rock to be excavated for a high level canal. The American government's force in the four years from May, 1904, to May, 1908, excavated 18,445,426 cubic yards, and of this the major part, or 11,191,488 cubic yards was excavated in the last twelve months of that period. Including the French excavations there remains there fore, only 39,652,822 cubic yards to excavate, or less than one-half of the whole.

Notice

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—I have this day set my son, Algy Miller free, and he is authorized to transact any and all business in his own name and I will not henceforth be responsible for any of his contracts.

J. L. MILLER,
Adairburg, Ky.

The arm Swing.

Why should a man swing his arms when he walks? Does he walk with his arms? Does the swing aid locomotion? The West Point cadets are trained to hold the little finger against the stripe of the trousers, palm to the front. This situation throws the shoulders back and makes the youth walk erect. Men who never had military training carry their fists any old way, most of them with thumbs to the fingers half clinched a la pugilistique! They are eager for a fight or a frolic. They are ready to do you. Others carry their palms inward, that is, facing the leg, every nail of the half-closed hand scraping the seam as the arm swings. Some men walk with their hands open, some with them closed. I'm willing to bet a billion I can tell much of a man's character by the way he totes his "dukes."

There are men whose arms when they walk are like a couple of erratic pendulums, trying to emulate the

stride of the leg, the right arm swinging in unison with the movement of the movement of the left leg, and the left arm keeping time with the right leg. The military man is taught not to swing his arms; the civilian swings expensively often covering a bigger radius than that covered by his legs. When a man swings his arms excessively he appears to be paddling along. When a man doesn't swing his arms at all he seems to be advancing automatically. He is altogether uncanny.

Facts About New York.

Every day in New York City there are on an average seven collisions of steam or surface railways.

Over 23,000 miles of wire, weighing 12,570,000 pounds and costing \$1,567,125, will be used in the four cables of the new Manhattan bridge.

The average daily consumption of eggs in New York City is two for each individual.

It requires 15,200 stenographers to do the office business of New York City.

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Decrease in Immigration.

One of the most striking evidences of industrial depression in this country is the falling off in immigration since last November, when the effect was first noticeable. For the entire year 1907, the number of immigrants arriving in this country was unprecedented, reaching a total of 1,334,466. There was a gain in nearly every month until December over the previous year, when the total was 1,215,439, which exceeded all previous records. Even in October and November the number was considerably in excess of the same months of 1906. The monthly average for the year was over 111,000, but in December the number fell to 66,574, compared with 85,466 in 1906.

Immigration in the first half of the year has uniformly exceeded to a considerable extent that in the last half. Last year the arrivals in the first six months numbered 743,952, or a monthly average of 123,992. In 1906 the total for the first half year was 673,943, or a monthly average of 112,324.

In January this year, there was a drop to 27,220, compared with 54,417 last year, or almost exactly one-half.

In February the number fell to 23,381, against 65,541 last year, a reduction of nearly two-thirds. These two months are usually the lightest of the year and last year the number rose in March to 139,118 and reached still higher in each of the next three months, the maximum being 184,886 in May. This year the increase was only to 32,517 in March, or less than one-fourth the number arriving in the same month last year, while in May the total was only 36,317, or less than one-fifth of last year's record. The total for six months was 192,656, against 743,952 last year, 673,943 in 1906 and 628,176 in 1905.

But the effect appears not alone in this great diminution in the number of immigrants. Though we have no exact statistics of the departures of aliens from the country during the same period we know from the reports of the steamship companies that they have greatly exceeded the arrivals.

There has been an actual decrease of the foreign population, made up mostly of laborers. This unusual movement has served to mitigate one of the serious effects of industrial depression. It has greatly diminished the number that would have been otherwise unemployed and lessened the consequent privation and suffering and the strain on many communities of affording charitable relief.

Labor has become an export as well as an import and passes with comparative ease between this country and Europe according to the condition of the market for it.—New York Journal of Commerce.

Keep Smiling.

There's many a rest on the road of life,

If we would only stop to take it;

There's many a song in the saddest heart,

If we only knew how to wake it.

Keep smiling.

There's many a dark and threatening cloud,

But it has a silver lining;

For high above and through it all,

The sun is brightly shining.

Keep smiling.

There's many a weakly laden heart,

With its secret load of sorrow,

That will laugh and sing with highest joy,

On some bright glad to-morrow.

Keep smiling.

There's many a path that leads to right,

If we only know to find it;

There's many a broken heart to heal,

If we would take time to bind it.

Keep smiling.

There's many a soul filled with hope,

Whose beautiful trust never falleth,

And the grass is green and the flowers bright,

Though the wintry storm prevails.

Keep smiling.

It's a time to hope when clouds hang low,

And keep the eyes uplifted,

The sweet blue sky will soon peer through,

When the blackest clouds are rifted.

Keep smiling.

There's many a gem in the path of life,

That we pass in idle pleasure.

And it's richer far than the Klondike mines,

Or the miser's hoarded treasure.

Keep smiling.

There's never a night without a day,

Nor an evening without the morning;

And the darkest hour, the proverb says,

Is just before the dawning.

Keep smiling.

It is for us to weave in life's web,

For All Diseases of STOMACH, LIVER & KIDNEYS

THE "LAST SUPPER."

Singular Story of the Masterpiece of Leonardo da Vinci.
Moldering away on the wall of the old monastery in Milan, Italy, hangs the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. Like every masterpiece, the painting required many years of patient labor, and as a result of that labor it is perfect in its naturalness of expression and sublime in its story of love. In addition to these qualities, it has an incident in its history that contributes not a little toward making it the great teacher that it is.

It is said that the artist, in painting the faces of the apostles, studied the countenances of good men whom he knew. When, however, he was ready to paint the face of Jesus in the picture he could find none that would satisfy his conception. The face that would serve as a model for the face of Christ must be dignified in its simplicity and majestic in its sweetness. After several years of careful search the painter happened to meet one, Pietro Bandinelli, a choir boy of exquisite voice, belonging to the cathedral. Being struck by the beautiful features and tender manner that spoke an angelic soul, the artist induced the boy to be the study for the painting of the face of Jesus.

All was done most carefully and reverently, but the picture was as yet incomplete, for the face of Judas was absent. Again the painter, with the zeal of a true lover of his art, set about in search of a countenance that might serve for the face of the traitor. Some years passed before his search was rewarded and the picture finally completed. As the artist was about to dismiss the miserable and degraded wretch who had been his awful choice the man looked up at him and said, "You have painted me before." Horrified and dumb with amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bandinelli. During those intervening years Pietro had been at Rome studying music, had met with evil companions, had given himself up to drinking and gambling, had fallen into shameful dissipation and crime. The face that now was the model for the face of Judas had once been the model for the face of Christ. — Brooklyn Eagle.

A LOST JOKE.

Would Be Imitator of a Witty Man Made a Ludicrous Finish.

Congressman Quarles used to tell this: "I was a guest of a leading banker at dinner, one of your New York giants of finance, who had invited nearly a score of us to eat a bit, drink a bit and swap notions. Everything was lovely until the fifth course. The waiter was bringing in what appeared on the menu as 'langue fumee aux epilards,' what we common old roustabouts call smoked beef tongue with spinach—and my favorite dish. He tripped at the door and spilled the tongue and greens on the carpet. The host, equal to the occasion, relieved us all, especially the waiter, by saying jovially: 'There's no harm done, gentlemen. 'Tis merely a lapsus linguae.' It was about the cleverest play of words I ever heard."

"Among the guests was a Broadway merchant, up from the gutter, worth about \$3,000,000 and proud of his vocabulary, which was not unlike Mrs. Malaprop's," continued Quarles. "He shook with merriment at the banker's wit. The happy effect induced him to give a dinner the following week, with about the same guests, and as I happened to learn afterward, he had directed his servant to let fall a piece of roast beef on the floor. The servant faithfully performed his part. Down went a splendid first cut, weighing about fifteen pounds, the delicious juices spattering everywhere. We all felt hurt at the accident. Some even groaned. 'Be not uneasy, my friends,' chirruped the wold be witty host, 'tis only a lapsus linguae.'" — New York Press.

Snagging Salmon in Alaska.
I saw Indians on the Chilcat river fishing day and night. The fisherman walked along the bank carrying a pole on the end of which was a barbless steel hook.

Tossing the hook end of the pole into the stream, he turned it so that the elbow rested on the bottom. Then he gently drew the pole back and forth, and when he felt a fish strike the shaft he knew that a salmon was probably crossing over the pole, so he gave it a quick jerk, drove the hook into the fish's side and hauled it up on the bank.

This is called snagging salmon.—Forest and Stream.

Work It Out.

A man buys a pair of shoes for \$3 and hands the shoemaker a ten dollar bill. The shoemaker goes to a grocer next door to have the bill changed and then gives his customer \$7 change. After the latter has gone the grocer rushes in and declares that the ten dollar bill was a counterfeit. The shoemaker gives him five good one dollar bills, a two dollar bill and \$3 in change for it. How much has the shoemaker lost?

An Eager Parent.

"Jack is so brave! He went right into the library and said to father, 'I want to marry your daughter.'"

"And what did your father say?"

"He said: 'Good! Which one?'" — Lippincott's.

Ingratious Disclaimer.

"Vanilla Beans—How odd! That solid gold ring of yours makes a black mark around your finger. Hazel Nutt—The ring didn't make that mark. That's dirt!" — Chicago Tribune.

WOMEN WERE SCARCE.

A Feminine Face Caused a Furore In California's Early Days.

There were few women in the California mining camps in the old days, and the advent of an emigrant wagon with a woman in it caused a furore, as is proved by the following incident from the reminiscences of former Senator William M. Stewart: "Women were so scarce in California at that time that this was sufficient to arouse the whole camp. The 'boys,' as we were called, were scattered along the coyote diggings for a distance of about four miles, and when anything unusual happened the words, 'Oh, Joe!' would be passed along the whole line. When I saw the feminine raiment I raised the usual alarm, 'Oh, Joe!' and this called the attention of the miners on Buckeye hills, where I was, to the clothesline which had attracted my notice. They gathered around on the hill, nearly surrounding the covered wagon and its contents. The rush of the boys in the immediate vicinity to see the wonderful sight attracted those farther away, and in less than ten minutes two or three thousand young men were anxiously watching the wagon, clothesline and fascinating lingerie. In alarm the man that belonged to the woman inside stuck his head out of a small tent beside the wagon. I assured him that no harm was intended, but that we were very anxious to see the lady who was the owner of the clothes. This aroused her curiosity sufficiently to induce her to pull the curtain of the tent aside so that her face could be discovered, but not fully seen.

"I then proposed that we make a donation to the first lady that had honored our camp with a visit. I took from my camp a buckskin bag, used for the purpose of carrying gold, and invited the boys to contribute. They came forward with great eagerness and poured out of their sacks gold dust amounting to between \$2,000 and \$3,000. I then proposed to appoint a committee to wait on the lady and present it. The motion was unanimously carried, and one of the gentlemen appointed on the committee suggested myself as chairman. I took the sack of gold and went within about thirty feet of the tent and made as good a speech as I could to induce the lady to come out, assuring her that all the men about her were gentlemen; that they had seen no ladies for so many months and that the presence of one reminded them of their mothers and sweethearts at home. I told her that the bag of gold was hers on condition that she would come out and claim it. Her husband urged her to be brave, but when she finally ventured out about halfway the cheers were so vociferous that she was scared and ran back.

"She repeated this performance several times, and I kept moving slowly back far enough to get her away from the little tent so the boys could have a good view of her. I suppose half an hour was occupied with her running back and forth while the boys looked on in admiration, when I finally gave her the bag, with all the good wishes of the camp. She grabbed it and ran into the tent like a rabbit. The next morning the wagon, oxen, man and owner of the inspiring apparel were gone, and we never heard of them in after life."

Where the Funds Went.

As an instance of the happy go-lucky character of the early darky the following extract from the Albany (N. Y.) city records may prove interesting:

"In 1826 the trustees of the African Baptist church applied to the common council for permission to circulate a public subscription paper in aid of the funds of the church. It was moved to lay the petition on the table, pending investigation, for the reason that the principal part of the funds secured by a previous subscription for the African church had been used by the trustees in 'treating themselves to hot suppers.'"

Presidential Succession.

During the first session of the Forty-ninth congress (1855-7) the presidential succession was fixed as follows:

In case of the death or removal of both president and vice president the secretary of state shall act as president until the disability of the president be removed or a president is elected.

If there be no secretary of state, the secretary of the treasury shall act as president.

And the succession passes in like manner to the secretary of war, the attorney general, the secretary of the navy and the secretary of the interior, in the order here given.

Cultivate Your Power.

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. "Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle, but you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God." — Phillips Brooks.

Faded.

Tess—Yes, she said her husband married her for her beauty. What do you think of that? Jess—Well, I think her husband must feel like a widower now.—Philadelphia Press.

His Idea.

Tired Tatters—I wish I had money enuf' to patent idee uv mine. Weary Walker—Wat's de idee? Tired Tatters—A noomatic fire fer perlice clubs.—Chicago News.

The millennium will be a time when people carry out their good intentions.—Puck.

"Parciling Out de People."

Fishing, two boys strung their big catch on the same string. Passing a graveyard they entered the gate to divide the catch, dropping two fish just as they went inside the cemetery.

Passing, an aged negro heard the two boys: "I'll take this one, you that one; I this one, you that one," etc.

The negro listened in dismay and ran away as rapidly as his old legs could carry him. He met his negro minister, who called:

"Deacon, why you run in such terror?"

"Declare, parson, I been down yonder by de graveyard and over de fence heard de devil and de Lord parceling out the people between 'em."

The parson laughed at the old man's flight and made him go back with him to the graveyard to convince him of his error.

The boys were still dividing—"You take that, I take this," etc. Finally one boy asked, "What you going to do with them two at the gate?"

This was more than parson or deacon could stand, and both ran pell-mell, neither wishing to take any further chances, no, matter what was going on just over the fence.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Penguin Battles.

The penguin, a notable diver among sea birds, wins his mate by right of conquest. The male birds fight for the possession of the females. These curious birds have regular duel grounds, where relics of innumerable combats in the shape of feathers lie scattered about. In the center is the fighting arena, clear of all debris. The penguins' feathers and blubber form an efficient shield against their opponents' beaks, so the weapon used is the short flipper, the only wings the birds possess.

The fight begins with the two combatants walking round each other waiting for an opportunity to grip. Once this is done the flippers come into play. The fighters shower blow after blow upon each other. There is no record as to how these fights end, but it is a safe supposition to say that they are seldom fatal. The force of the blow from a penguin's flipper is such that three or four of them will draw blood from the human hand.

How Models Make Pictures.

The artist gazed in rapture on "The Kiss," his latest picture.

"Do you grasp," he said, "the passionate grace of the girl's attitude, the warmth and the power wherewith her tense white arms draw the young man closer, ever closer? Well, I got that idea from my model, a shopgirl.

"But for my model's suggestion I'd have put the girl in a stiff, cold pose, and the picture would never have been the masterpiece it is. But my model pointed out to me the abandon wherewith a girl, whether of high or low station, gives herself up to a kiss' charm. She illustrated the thing, aided by a male model, young medical student. Yes, she made my picture.

"The fact is, models make, with their valuable hints and suggestions, lots of pictures. There's many a masterpiece whose merit is due to the splendid pose that the model originated for the principal figure." — New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Burma's Popular Sports.

A form of speculation very popular in Burma is bull racing. A certain native sportsman is the owner of one of these bulls, for which he has refused an offer of 10,000 rupees. It has won several races and is looked after and as carefully tended as a Derby favorite. The owner values it at 25,000 rupees, and it is said, it brings him an annual income of from 12,000 to 15,000 rupees. It is carefully guarded by four men lest it may be got at and "doctored."

Burmans also patronize boxing eagerly, but the art can scarcely be practiced according to Queensberry rules, for we are told by a provincial reporter that he has observed that "even the best boxers strike out with their eyes tightly shut, and if they do hit each other it is more by chance than anything else." — Calcutta Statesman.

The Wrong Lady.

Some young fdlers had been enjoying the fun of halting passing shopgirls with rather doubtful compliments, and from some of the answers returned it was evident that not all of those addressed were taking things kindly.

Presently one of the older boys, seeing it was going too far, spoke up, "Look a' here now, fellers," he added, "youse might think youse is wise guys 'n' all that, but just keep on an' the wrong lady'll come along, an' she'll break yer face, see?" — Argonaut.

The Mullahs of India.

A mullah, or, as it is more properly written, molah, is a title given in India and throughout the east generally to a religious leader of any description. Thus the sultan of Turkey is a molah, because he is the supreme head of the moslem world. And there are hundreds of others. To most of the more conspicuous among them we prefix the adjective "mad." This, however, must not be taken to mean that they are insane, the word being used rather in its oriental significance of "inspired." The person of the molah is sacred. Not even the mighty Habibullah himself would care to lay a sacrilegious finger on one of these saintly persons. If he were to venture such an unheard of thing, vengeance would surely overtake him. For it is the cardinal principle of the Ulama—as the molahs are collectively termed—that an injury purposely caused to one of their number can only be atoned for by the death of the individual inflicting it.

Greatest Danger to Swimmers.

"It isn't cramp," said a life guard.

"that carries off so many good swimmers. After all, what is a leg or arm cramp? Couldn't a good swimmer easily turn on his back and float till the attack departed? No, cramp won't account for the strange seizures that in a twinkling turn a very fish of a swimmer into a helpless, speechless, drowning paralytic. What accounts for this business is water inhaling. A swimmer inhales spray through the nostrils, it passes through the pharynx, behind the epiglottis or windpipe guard and so down into the windpipe. The result is nearly certain death. Swallowing water does you no harm, but breathing it may kill you. How to avoid accidentally breathing it, though, that is a question nobody seems able to answer." — Philadelphia Bulletin.

Another Way Out of It.

Nobody had ever had reason to accuse Abel Pond of being dishonest, but he was as sharp a man in a bargain as could be found in the county. When the building committee applied to him for a site for the new library he was ready to sell them a desirable lot, but not at their price.

"I couldn't feel to let it go under \$600," he said, with the mild obstinacy that characterized all his dealings with his fellow men. "It wouldn't be right."

"You ought to be willing to contribute something for such an object," said the chairman of the committee. "If it's worth six hundred, why not let us have it for five hundred and call it you've given the other hundred?"

"M'm—no, I couldn't do that," said Mr. Pond, stroking his chin, "but I tell you what I will do. You give me seven hundred for it, and I'll make out a check for a hundred and hand it over to you, so's you can head the list of subscriptions with a good round sum and kind of wake up folks to their duty." — Youth's Companion.

A Real Apology.

"When the late Joel Chandler Harris was an editor here among us," said an Atlanta, "I called on him one day and found him very willing to corr an error about me that crept into his columns.

"We talked about newspaper contradictions, public apologies and the like, and Uncle Remus took down a scrapbook and read me an apology that was an apology indeed. It had happened, he said, in a Transvaal paper. I'll never forget it. I agreed with Mr. Harris that it was the finest specimen of the public apology and retraction extant. It said:

"I, the undersigned, A. C. du Plessis, retract hereby everything I have said against the innocent Mr. G. F. Beaufort, and calling him an infamous liar and striking my mouth with the exclamation: 'You mendacious mouth! Why do you lie so?' I declare, further, that I know nothing against the character of Mr. G. F. Beaufort. I call myself, besides, a genuine liar of the first class.

"A. C. DU PLESSIS."

CLEAR RUN.

left over from last week.

Oct. 20.—Mr. Cecil Carson and Miss Geneva Ralph, both of Barneet's Creek, neighborhood eloped to Tennessee Sunday and were married.

Mr. W. F. Corneison and wife, of Knottsville, returned home yesterday after a few days visit here.

Mr. Casimir Schaefer and family, of Beaver Dam, is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Stevens, of Beaver Dam, were the guests of relatives here a few days last week.

Mrs. Hardie Hoover and Miss Lizzie Hoagland spent Monday with Mr. McKelvie Murray and family.

Mr. Hardie Hoagland and Mrs. James Grey and daughter, Iva, spent Monday with Mrs. L. C. Hoover.

Mr. Lige Hoover, Horton, and Mr. Mrs. Hoover of Merlewood, Grayson county, is visiting relative here and at Barneet's Creek.

Mrs. C. T. Funk has returned to her home near Taffy, after several days visit to relatives in Indiana.

For Sale.

A first-class confectionery and bakery. Situated on Union street, in Hartford, Kentucky. A splendid business for the right party.

W. C. SCHLEMMER.

CENTERTOWN.

Oct. 28.—Dr. G. F. Chapman is at home again since taking a trip to the West.

U. S. Whalin, has gone to Ark. on a business trip.

L. C. Morton and son are preparing rapidly for the work on their new brick store.

Mrs. Bob Owen and Mrs. Henry Rendler, of Williams Mtns. visited the family of J. M. Shackleford here this week.

Mr. Arlie Shown, Beda, spent last Saturday and Sunday here with his aunt Mrs. Jennie Davis.

Mr. Lee Mason, of near Cromwell has purchased an interest in the store here of McKinney and son. He is now ready to greet his old friends and find new ones.

Mrs. E. M. Morton and Mary Igheheart, are on the sick list.

Mr. Owen Brown, has bought a lot and will build soon on same.

A TURBULENT GHOST.

Noisy Nocturnal Rounds of an Invisible Visitor.

QUEER DEATH OF OLD JABEZ.

The Uncanny Incident That Disturbed the Quiet of an Old Virginia Home. A Nightly Tramp That Never Ceased Until the House Was Demolished.

"I am not exactly prepared to say that I believe in ghosts," said the old gentleman from Virginia, "but at the same time, in view of certain things that have been told me by persons whose reputations for veracity do not admit of a doubt, I cannot allow myself to ridicule the ideas of others who do believe in an occasional return to earth of the dead."

"There is one case in particular that I know of personally and that can be vouched for by a number of citizens in the upper counties of my state, and that is the case of old Uncle Jabez Martin, who knew a number of well to do farmers in Fauquier as well as in Spotsylvania, Rappahannock and other counties in the northern part of the state. 'Uncle Jabe,' as most every one who knew the old fellow called him, had considerable of the nomad in his disposition and led a wandering, pastoral life. He was always willing to work when any one needed his services and did a good deal of rough carpentering in return for a 'meal o' witties and a shakedown,' as he expressed it, and as he was pretty well known in the land of his pilgrimages it was a rare occurrence when he was not given a welcome."

"If old Uncle Jabe thought more of one family in the state than he did of another it was the Greens. Virginia, as all know, is full of Greens. An estimable crowd they are, and nearly all of them consider themselves as related in some degree of consanguinity to the others of that name. The Greens of Virginia is the finest tribe of that name in seven states, was the constant boast of Uncle Jabe, and above and beyond any other Green anywhere he placed Morse Dickie Green of Fauquier, and that is where my ghost story, if you will please to consider it as such, begins."

"One wild night in the month of October not very long before the war the old wanderer made his appearance at Squire Green's. Mr. Green was called square by virtue of being a justice of the peace. Jabe wanted his usual 'meal o' witties and shakedown,' and it was at his service, as usual, and after a good supper he sat on the back steps of the house, smoked his old pipe for awhile and then went to bed.

"Squire Green was engaged in some work that kept him up until midnight, and as the clock struck 12 he heard a heavy sound on the stairway. It seemed as if some one was coming down the steps with heavy irons on the legs. The sound was carried to the door, which was opened noisily and then closed with a terrific crash."

"Thinking it strange that old Jabez Martin would be guilty of making such unnecessary noise, the squire rushed to the door and opened it. The moon was shining in all its beauty, and everything was perfectly calm and nobody in sight. Back again went the surprised squire and up into the attic chamber, where Martin always slept when he made his calls. He found everything calm and quiet there. It was the quiet of death, for old Uncle Jabe was lying supine on his back, with his glassy eyes staring right up to the ceiling, where the squire left him until the morning."

"When he related the circumstances in the morning it seemed that every other one of the house had been disturbed by the uncanny noises. The strange part of it is that next night the same sounds were heard again, even to the slamming of the door, and an investigation proved that there was no person to make them. There were no cowards in Squire Green's family, but the noises disturbed them, and when they were heard, as they were, frequently at midnight they became so used to them they would simply remark that 'Uncle Jabe was tramping ag'in' and go to sleep again."

"Friends and neighbors who knew of the ghostly exercises were averse to staying all night in the house, and the darkies couldn't be bribed to come near the place after nightfall. The sounds never ceased until after the house was torn down, and even its demolition, which it was hoped might reveal the source of its strange and grawsome sound, failed to present any explanation. There are folks living today in Fauquier county," said the relater of the ghost story, "who can, and I have no doubt readily will, testify to the truth of what I have made mention of!"—Washington Post.

These Men!

"I went into the office looking like a fright," said the woman. "I didn't have a chance to straighten my hat or pat my hair or anything. I had intended to primp going up in the elevator, but there was a man standing before each mirror twirling his mustache, and I couldn't even get a peep at myself."—New York Times.

A Sound Reason.

Robert, aged five, was irritated by the crying of Clara, aged two. "Sister," he said, with great seriousness, "why don't you stop crying? You must be sick. You don't look well, and you don't sound well."

Circumstances are beyond the control of man, but his conduct is in his own power.—Beaumont.

THE BOTTLE TREE.

A Life Saver For Cattle During the Australian Droughts.

"It was like a nest bottle, thirty feet high, covered with the bark of a box tree and with a gum tree growing out where the cork ought to be."

Such was the way in which an Englishman described the first bottle tree which came under his notice, and truly one who does not know the tree its sudden appearance in his pathway, often in the midst of dense scrub, must make a vivid impression.

The lower part of the trunk is thick and cylindrical, decreasing in size toward the top, its shape being that of a gigantic living bottle, from the neck of which spring the only branches and leaves that the tree possesses. In this respect it carries an excess of the peculiarity of most Australian trees—namely, their lack of branches for a considerable distance up the stem.

The bark is of grayish color and is very hard, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, but the wood inside is soft and moist. The latter can be chewed in the same way as sugar cane, but as it lacks its sweet, pleasant taste it is rarely used in this way. This peculiar characteristic of the tree, however, makes it a valuable food for cattle.

Indeed, during the long droughts which occasionally visit Australia hundreds of settlers have to thank the bottle tree for saving them from ruin. Sometimes for more than a year and in the inland districts for still longer periods scarcely a drop of rain falls.

Every kind of grass is dried, tanks become empty, creeks no longer run and in many cases dry up altogether, as do nearly all water holes and lagoons; cultivation is impossible, and fodder for cattle and horses is extremely difficult to procure. Then the bottle tree comes to the rescue. Every scrub is searched for these living bottles, and everywhere is heard the ringing of axes as the strange, attractive trees are laid low.

As soon as the trees have been stripped of their bark the rattle are brought to it if within easy distance, and there they remain till either leaves nor wood is left. In places where the settlers have no scrubs of their own they will drive many miles in order to obtain a wagon load of this great treasure.

Sometimes instead of allowing the animals free access to the tree the settlers cut the trunk into strips, put the strips through the cutter and thus make a substitute for proper chaff.

In many instances during a drought, except for prickly pears and the foliage of trees, cattle are fed on these living bottles alone, and they have been the means of saving large quantities of stock.

It seems strange that in the absence of rain these trees should retain their moist interior, as the majority of others look dry and drought stricken.

But throughout all the bottle tree flourishes, lifting its dark green leaves toward the sky, whilst the farmers and squatters gaze longing eyes in hopes of the wished-for rain.

When the dry season ends and the land in very few weeks is covered with fresh green grass the work of the bottle tree is done. But, mindful of its past usefulness, no farmer unless under absolute necessity feels this tree, and it may often be seen standing in solitary grandeur, its strange shape outlined against the blue sky, while the hand at its base has been converted into grazing grounds for the cattle.

Homemade Thermometer.

Those who love experimentation may try the following method of making a cheap barometer popular in France:

Take eight grams of powdered camphor, four grams of powdered nitrate of potassium, three grams of powdered nitrate of ammonia and dissolve in sixty grams of alcohol. Put the whole in a long, slender bottle closed at the top with a piece of bladder containing a pinhole to admit the air. When rain is coming the solid particles will tend gradually to mount. Little star crystals forming in the liquid which otherwise remains clear. If high winds are approaching the liquid will become thick, as if fermenting, while a film of solid particles forms on the surface. During fair weather the liquid will remain clear and the solid particles will rest at the bottom.

Rival Detectives.

An Englishman fond of boasting of his ancestry, took a coin from his pocket and, pointing to the head engraved on it, said, "My great-great-grandfather was made a king by the king whose picture you see on this shilling."

"What a coincidence!" said his Yankee companion, who had produced another coin. "My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."

No Witnesses.

"You are charged with stealing nine of Colonel Henry's horses last night. Have you any witnesses?" asked the Justice sternly.

"Nussau!" said Doctor Jones humbly. "I specks I's awfully peculiar dat-uh-way, but I ain't never been much custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chickin' stealin', sub."

Never Touched Him.

Landlady to new laundry, crushing—Mr. Newcome, that is the cream and not the milk you are pouring on your oatmeal. It was invented for the coffee. Mr. N.—Oh, never mind, Mrs. Balkins. I like it just as well.

Let those who would test singularity with success! Determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.—Walter Colton.

To reign a virtue is to have its opposite vice.—Hawthorne.

BENEFITS IN DISEASE.

Typhoid, if You Pull Through, Gives You a New Stomach.

GOOD EVEN IN RHEUMATISM.

That Painful Affliction Keeps Other Miseries Out of the System and is a Promoter of Long Life—Blessings of Colds and Smallpox.

To be struck down by disease seems a most undesirable thing, yet there are many living today in the fullest enjoyment of very excellent health who but for an attack of some disease would have lived a life of almost perpetual misery.

These people were, first of all, victims of indigestion in its worst form, and only those who have experienced it know what true indigestion is.

Struck down by typhoid fever, they came through the trying ordeal cured of indigestion, for one outstanding eccentricity of typhoid is that if you pass through it attack safely it gives you a new stomach. In fact, after an attack of typhoid the victim is usually left with a stomach like an infant.

That is the grand chance offered to one who has suffered, it may be, for long years from acute indigestion. If only he takes care, after an attack of typhoid he need never know indigestion again.

Be it remembered that any one troubled with severe indigestion is not advised to go hunting around for typhoid fever. That might prove to be a disastrous course to follow.

A chronic cold is just one of those things which none of us want, yet even a chronic cold has its good points, especially if you happen to be up in years a bit—not too old, of course. People who are up in years and who suffer from chronic bronchitis seem to get remarkably well. It keeps the blood in good circulation, for, of course, the victims have to cough, and that gives the heart a jerk and sends the blood coursing nicely through the veins and arteries.

If the cold be not too acute, old people derive considerable benefit. An acute attack, on the other hand, may cut off an old person in a day or two. It is the chronic type only which yields benefit.

Smallpox is a dreaded scourge, so much so that if it be reported that a case exists in a neighborhood a thrill passes through the whole community.

Yet those who suffer from smallpox and recover usually live to a green old age. It seems to renew life in some mysterious way by thoroughly purifying the blood.

If, however, you desire to attain to a ripe old age, you cannot get on at all without rheumatism. Consider the hosts of old folks you encounter hobbling about, grumbling all the day about their bones and joints. In all probability these old people would have been in their graves years before but for this very rheumatism.

The reason is that if rheumatism is in the system it keeps other ills out. It makes a grand fighting force and keeps most other enemies of the human frame at bay, especially those of the germ type.

Very naturally if you have such a grand friend at hand you have to pay something for aid rendered, but the pain of rheumatism, if shockingly severe at times, is not deadly, and that is why one gets so little sympathy when suffering from rheumatism.

But the plain fact is that a slight malady always benefits you, even if indirectly. As an example of that, say a very bad spell of weather comes along, cold and wet, and you contract a slight chill.

What do you propose to do? Why, to take the greatest care of yourself and make as certain as possible that your cold gets no chance of developing into anything worse. Now, did that very slight cold not make its appearance and cause you to be extremely careful of what you did there is no saying what might happen to you any day during a spell of evil, cold weather. You might have exposed yourself so much that a severe chill would have seized you, followed by inflammation of the lungs.

Accordingly a slight cold may easily save you from many worse ills.

In this way minor afflictions act as warnings that worse things are coming along, but unfortunately many persons quite neglect these warnings. A man, for example, has indigestion more or less constantly, yet pays little heed, always expecting that it will disappear one day. Now, if he had just paid attention to the matter at the beginning—heeded the warning, in short—he might not have been let in for a severe liver attack later on.

Every pain, every ache, every headache—all these are warnings that something else is on the way and will be along shortly.—Pouson's Weekly.

An Idea of Business.

"Does your titled son-in-law know anything about business?"

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox doubtfully, "he has had a lot of experience with promissory notes, and he knows how to get a check raised."—Washington Star.

The Lightweight Champion.

Simpkins—You say that little man was formerly the lightweight champion? Timkins—Yes. Simpkins—How did he lose the title? Timkins—Oh, he didn't lose it. He merely sold his grocery and retired.—Chicago News.

To reign a virtue is to have its opposite vice.—Hawthorne.

HUMBLED THE PRINCESS.

Fall of a Dusky Beauty From the South Sea Islands.

One night John Sharp Williams, while a student at Heidelberg, Germany, was in attendance upon a swell function at which the guest of honor was a dark skinned princess, alleged to have come from one of the south sea islands. This princess was magnificently bedecked and jeweled, and her warm olive complexion, set off by a mass of black, kinky hair, full red lips, snow white teeth and black, sparkling eyes, made her the center of the function. The masculine-like Germans swarmed about her like bees around a honeysuckle vine, and even Dutch femininity could not discount the charm of her manner or the beauty of her person.

John Sharp was introduced, of course, and immediately upon obtaining a near view of the princess (?) his southern instincts rose to the surface and his southern blood began to boil.

Watching his opportunity, he managed to get to the beauty's elbow. Then, reducing his voice to a low, but perfectly audible key, he sent into her startled ears this alarming query:

"Look here, nigger, where did you come from?"

Panic stricken and with all her self-possession scattered, the alleged princess turned upon her interrogator as she heard the familiar intonation of the southerner and looked into his unrelenting face. Then she stammered:

"Fum South Carolyn, boss, but for de Lawd's sake don't tell it."

Whether John Sharp respected the pitiful plea of a southern negress in a faraway land and permitted her to continue her bold imposition upon the credulous Germans the story does not tell. But the fact remains that the "princess" realized that she was in the presence of one who, from intimate knowledge of her race, had divined her African origin, and she could only throw herself on his mercy.—Biloxi Herald.

THE BASTILLE.

Men and Methods In the Famous Old French Prison.

The Bastille as a prison was apparently better kept and cleaner than either Bicetre or the Chatelet, and imprisonment within its walls did not, it would seem, dishonor the prisoner or his family. A great many prisoners were charged as mad, and under this elastic term the violent maniac, the ambitious madman, the young spendthrift, the megalomaniac, the racher for the philosopher's stone or the secret of perpetual motion—all these tiresome persons might be and were included.

How, then, did these prisoners live? In the underground cells or dungeons, as in the cells in the towers, the prisoners were on bread and water, as a rule. In the other rooms in the main building three meals were served a day, with drinkable wine—"vin potable." In certain cases, according to the quality and distinction of the prisoner, he might supplement the meager furniture of his prison and get a provision of books. Very favored persons were allowed their own servant if he would consent voluntarily to undergo confinement. Voltaire began to write the "Henriade" as prisoner in the Bastille; Abbe Morellet of the Encyclopedia speaks of the great fortress as the cradle of his fame, but we must remember that it was perhaps not advisable to say much about the Bastille when you were still living within its walls and that, as M. Moulin has reminded us, "the old Spartans offered sacrifices to fear." Prisoners, moreover, had to sign on their release an elaborate declaration by which they swore never to divulge, directly or indirectly, anything they might have learned as prisoners concerning the Bastile.—Mrs. Frederic Harrison in Nineteenth Century.

A Fest For Blondin.

"Speaking of the straight and narrow path," said a congressman, "reminds me of a story about a man I knew in Chicago who stayed very late at a dinner at the club. When he came out he started to walk in the middle of the street.

"Hey, John!" said a friend who met him as he was making the best of his way along the car tracks, "why don't you walk on the sidewalks?"

"Walk on the sidewalks?" snorted John. "Do you think I'm Blondin?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Pat Tired Quick.

A farmer hired a hand from town. The first morning the new hand went to work he accompanied the farmer into the hay field. They put on a load and hauled it to the barn. By the time it was unloaded it was 9 o'clock. "Well," said the new hand from town, "what will we do now?" "What will we do now?" roared the farmer. "Why, we'll go after another load of hay." "In that case," said the new hand from town, "I will resign."

Pat and the Lava.

An Irishman, having returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen. "Now, then, Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?" "Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's reply.

No Advance Copies Given Out.

Gwendolen—What did Archie say

when he proposed to you? Esmeralda—He won't say it until next Thursday night, and it won't be released before 12:30 a.m.—Chicago Tribune.

The wrestlers and athletes of India

develop great strength by living on

milk, a little goat's flesh and plenty of

food made from flour.

Chilly M